

## LETTERS FROM AN OLD SPORT TO HIS SON AT COLLEGE

In Which He Hands Out Some Dope About the Yellow Streak and the White Flag.

Written and Illustrated by

JIM NASIUM.

DEAR SON: They say "there's a fool born every day." That may be putting it a little bit strong, but I know one day when there was a fool born, alright. It was in the purple dawn of July 15, 1887. You'll probably recognize this date as the one set opposite your name in the batting order in the Nasium family Bible. When it comes to proving this statement, your last letter gets a verdict of guilty without the jury leaving their seats.

As an obituary of your departed ambition, that letter was a howling success. As a study in blue it had Childe Hassam's street paintings skinned to a frazzle. But let me tell you that the guy who fills his nut with Alice blue sentiments when he strikes a slump always has a streak of yellow running through his system, and this is a mighty poor color combination for a brilliant future. When you work your gab about being resigned to your fate, simply because you've butted into a slump and handed out a few bum numbers, you're only taking the elevator down to the cellar, and it doesn't carry passengers on the return trip. You'll have to climb the stairs and kick in all the doors on your way to the top. And don't get it into your knot for a minute that you can four-flush it with fate. You can take my tip that when a guy is resigned

to his fate the resignation is always accepted.

What you need is a little sperm oil on the working parts of your fighting spirit. I guess your soft living and mollycoddle associations in that knowledge factory put the machine on the blink. Don't paper your attic with the idea that you can ride up to success on the elevator, or you're mighty apt to be picked up unconscious at the bottom of the shaft. The elevator to success has no safety clutch and it's overcrowded already.

The surest and safest way to get there is to climb the stairs, and you'll have a blamed sight better pair of legs to stand on from the exercise. You'll find that the guy who claims that the world owes him a living never has any other asset worth mentioning. Even if the world does owe you a living, she's a blamed tight proposition and you've got to work like thunder to collect it.

If you want to get into the big show, son, you've got to work your way in. They're not handing out any passes, and there's too many cops around for you to crawl under the tent. Anyways, there's nobody enjoys the show quite so much as the kid who carried water for the elephant. This chin muscle you're handing out about being satisfied to dub around the side show just because you've got to go some to get into the big tent only shows up the yellow streak running through your spinal column. These guys who work up a rep by writing articles for the magazines telling kids how to be successful don't seem to show much team work in locating success.



LOTS OF GUYS HAVE THE GOODS BUT YOU'VE GOT TO GET IT OUT OF THEM WITH A CAN-OPENER.

But I can give you a tip right here that isn't located on Easy Street.

What you want to do is to yank that blue paper off the rooms in your attic and decorate the walls with a more ambitious design. Chuck this spirit of resignation down the hatch hole and flip up your garret with discontent and a few caddies of dissatisfaction. I know that a lot of old mossbacks hand out the dope to "always be contented with your lot." But it's a cinch that the guy who is contented with his lot will never own the block. His lot might as well be located in the cemetery; because for all practical purposes he's a dead one. The guy who has the highest batting average in any walk of life is the poor discontented slob who is never satisfied

with anything, but always has his hooks out trying to connect with something better. "Let well enough alone" is a losing tip that keeps the world's stage crowded with common people, but it isn't turning out any headliners. So you'd better take a long lead from the base you're hugging about being satisfied to dub along with a grass league team and hustle like a hen on a hot griddle. When you butt into a slump like the one you're up against now, you've got to work it off. You can't lie down and sleep it off like a jag. There are no sleeping cars on the limited express to fame; it's a work train from one end of the line to the other. The sooner you get wise to this the sooner you'll get out of your slump and into the sporting page.

So you stick right on the job, son, and keep busier than a one-armed bill poster with the itch, working in a high wind. When you're in baseball as a business you've got to treat it like a business and not go at it like you would a game of drop the handkerchief at a Sunday school picnic. As an example of what businesslike methods will do just compare the Philadelphia Nationals and the Detroit teams with the teams that misrepresents those two towns last year. Philadelphia stood pat with the same old players, but Manager Murray has the team working ball this year instead of playing ball. Detroit is, if anything, weaker this year than last, but Hugh Jennings has the fighting spirit out on the lot sticking its teeth in every game, win or lose. As a result these teams are right up among the leaders making trouble all the time. A scrappy, never-quits spirit is of more use on a ball team than all the individual stars ever hatched. It will grab down more glad dough in the club dough bag than all the ball playing ever pulled off. If

And Shows That You've Got to Hitch a Pusher Onto Your Train to Keep From Stalling.

right and have a yellow streak running through him as big as the Comstock mine, but it's a blame poor color for a ball player. They can bite off chunks of gab about the chinks being the "yellow peril" if they want to, but I'll give you a tip right here that the biggest "yellow peril" we've got to deal with in this little old dump of a world is that running through our own system. Just to put you wise to how the rolling of the marbles in a guy's knot effects his work, get next to the goods that some of these guys on whom wavers were asked are handing out just now. The St. Louis Nationals asked for the papers on Murray because he wasn't up to the handle, and he's been clouting the pill all over the pasture ever since. The Philadelphia Nationals tied the can to Pittinger and Jacklitch, but Manager Murray cut the string and they've been going like a pair of kids beating the farmer's leather out of the peach orchard. Pittsburgh swapped Beaumont, Ritchey, and Flaherty, who had got over their habit of delivering the goods in Smoketown, to Boston for an Italian hotelkeeper. They've been playing their heads off for the bean brigade, and are pretty nearly the whole works up around Bunker Hill way. These three guys have coughed up more real baseball since than the whole Pittsburgh gang. I'm only butting into these cases to show you that lots of guys

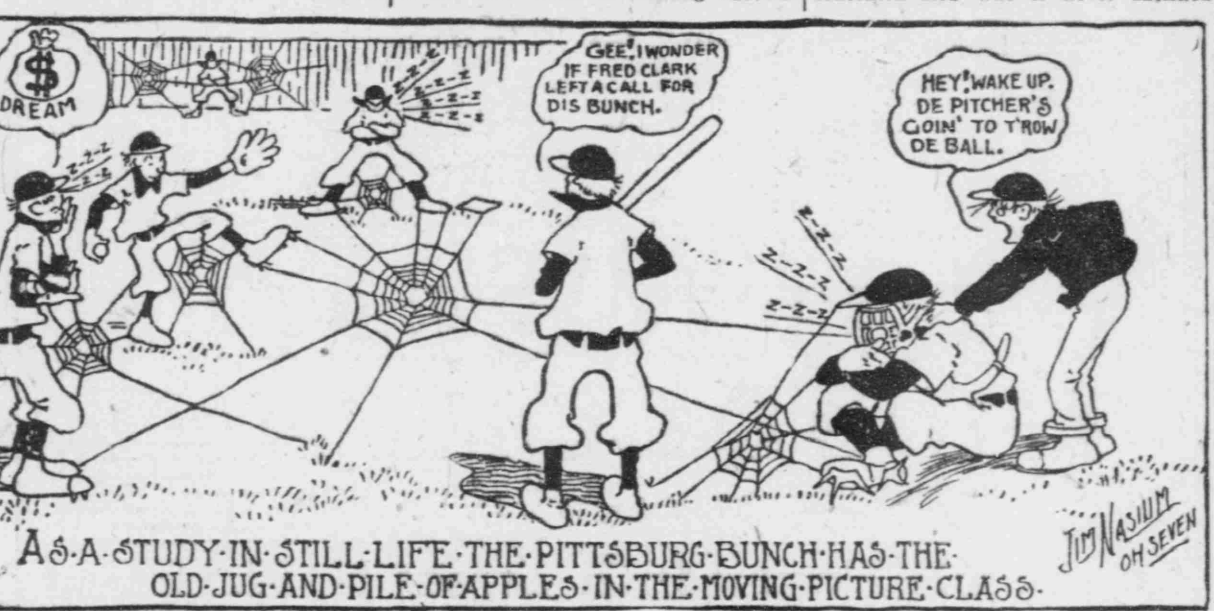
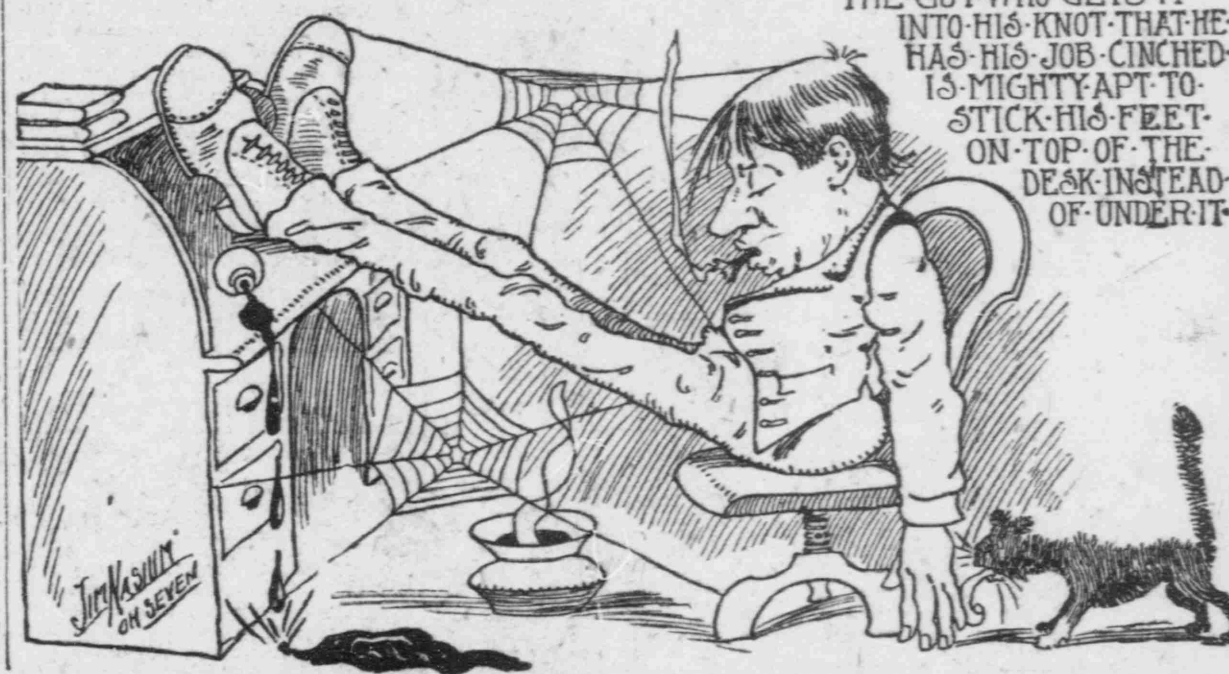
have the goods, but you have to get it out of them with a can opener. It's the same old story about the horse loading when there's no whip in the socket. In any business you'll find that the guy who gets it into his knot that he has his job cinched and there's nothing higher up he can grab is mighty apt to stick his feet on top of the desk instead of under it. But get it whispered into his ear that he's marked for the can, and watch him get busy.

Pittsburgh has a bunch of baseball goods on hand now that has grown fat sleeping on their contracts. These guys have held their jobs so long and stuck away so much Nemo habit. As a study in still life, this Pittsburgh bunch has the old jug and pile of apples in the moving picture class. If Barney Dreyfuss would cop all his players' coin in a poker game and then ask wavers on the bunch, he'd walk in with the pennant.

One of the yellow streaks that runs through human nature, from Adam all the way down to this new kid of King Alfonso, is the desire to loaf when there's nothing pushing you. If a guy isn't pushed along from need of the dough, the desire to hold onto his job, or the hankering for something better, then he's got to have an almighty love for his work to keep him working up a sweat at it. So you want to hitch a pusher on the rear end of your train, son, so you won't stall on the grades.

FROM YOUR DAD.

THE GUY WHO GETS IT INTO HIS KNOT THAT HE HAS HIS JOB CINCHED IS MIGHTY APT TO STICK HIS FEET ON TOP OF THE DESK INSTEAD OF UNDER IT.



A S-A STUDY IN STILL LIFE: THE PITTSBURGH BUNCH HAS THE OLD JUG AND PILE OF APPLES IN THE MOVING PICTURE CLASS.

## ROWING TOPICS IN SPORT LINE FOR THIS WEEK

Regatta at Poughkeepsie and New London Keep Enthusiasts on Edge.

NEW YORK, June 15.—The voice of the college rowing coach is abroad in the land, and for the balance of the month the main topic of conversation on the various campuses in the East will be the chances of this or that crew at New London or at Poughkeepsie.

From all points come complaints of hard luck, of lack of training or the like, but it is even money that every crew at the big regattas will be on hand trained to the minute and ready to row for their lives.

At New London, Yale, and Harvard have buckled down to the hardest kind of work, and are getting into shape. At this stage Harvard seems to have the call, so far as speed and condition is concerned, but Yale has a husky lot of youngsters and is liable to furnish a surprise on the day of the race. Coach Kennedy is confident that his men will give a good account of themselves.

Young Theodore Roosevelt is with the Harvard crew and is doing much to make his men comfortable.

The Way Russell Sees It.

As to the big race, it is impossible to form an idea that is worth anything as to the probable winners. It is as open a race just now as ever has been rowed at Poughkeepsie.

In speaking of the race recently, Coach Murray Russell, of the Georgetown University crew, has the result of the big race at Poughkeepsie all doped out. The Navy he has named as first, with Cornell second and Georgetown, in spite of her many handicaps this season and her light crew, is scheduled to win third from Syracuse, with Columbia and Wisconsin fighting for fifth and sixth places.

As a matter of fact, more than an expert is picking the Navy men as possible winners, but all keep a weather-eye on "old man Courtney and his up-state farm boys."

The crews are at Poughkeepsie putting on the finishing touches and familiarizing themselves with the course. The torpedo boats which are used to coach and pace the middies are among the most interesting features on the Hudson these days.

## YOUNG PLAYERS BATTING BEST IN THE AMERICAN

NILES, the fast St. Louis youngster, holds the batting lead of the American League, with a percentage of .386, while Nicholas, another young player, is second. Both of these boys came into the company from the Southern League. Sixteen men are batting .300 or better, but the list does not include those dear old names, Stone and Keeler, while Lajoie has fallen away and is now just over the mark of good society.

Detroit leads in team batting, Chicago second, Cleveland and the Athletics, third.

Seven pitchers still have faultless fielding averages. O'Connor and Thomas lead the catchers, and Donohue, the first baseman. The great Lajoie tops the second sackers, and Lave Cross the third basemen. O'Leary has the most creditable record at short, and Stone and Hahn have the best outfield averages. Detroit takes a double-header by leading in team fielding as well as batting.

Records for men who have played seven games or over:

Players. G. A. B. R. H. SH. SB. Pct. Niles, St. L., 24 101 19 28 2 2 .386 Nicholas, A., 12 44 6 16 3 2 .363 Jones, D., 22 15 20 25 6 7 .353 Wallace, D., 17 124 18 37 2 .328 Hahn, Ch., 46 163 21 52 4 7 .319 Plick, Ch., 47 166 28 53 8 18 .319 Pickard, Ch., 42 165 25 51 6 18 .314 GANLEY, W., 42 169 16 53 2 13 .314 Cobb, D., 43 172 23 53 0 8 .308 Crawford, D., 23 153 24 47 2 5 .307 Clarke, Ch., 42 115 15 29 0 2 .306 Lajoie, Ch., 47 178 21 54 4 11 .302 Parent, B., 42 163 21 49 4 10 .302

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## HIGH SCHOOL BOYS MEET AT TENNIS

Western Holds Lead at Present—Play Resumed Tomorrow.

The second round in the inter-high school tennis tournament will be played at the Bachelors' Club on M street, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets, at 9:30 tomorrow. Central now has two men, Technical two men, and Western one man left in the singles.

After the singles have been completed the doubles and consolation will be played.

The pairings in the second round of the singles follow: Buynitsky, Central, vs. Montgomery, Technical, the winner to meet Platt, Technical, Henderson, Technical, vs. Eager, Central, the winner to meet McLean, Western.

In the doubles Central will play against Technical, and the winner will play Western.

Consolation round—Palmer, Western, vs. Munn, Central; Morse, Western, vs. the winner of Buynitsky-Montgomery match.

ROANOKE GETS BETTER OF RICHMOND PLAYERS

RICHMOND, Va., June 15.—A base on balls and a single in the eleventh inning gave the game this afternoon to Roanoke, 2 to 1. Carter and Willis did the twirling, and both pitched well. In the sixth inning, with a man on base, Wallace hit a three bagger, tying the score for Richmond. However, with none out, Richmond was unable to score again. The game abounded in fast plays. Kirkpatrick's three errors helped Richmond to lose. The score:

Richmond..... 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 2 6 3  
Roanoke..... 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 1 3 7 1  
Batteries—Richmond, Carter and Walsh; Roanoke—Willis and Cole.

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## RECORD EQUALED BY JEROME TRAVERS

Made Remarkable Record of 34 in In-Coming Golf Round.

WILMINGTON, Del., June 15.—Jerome D. Travers, metropolitan champion, this afternoon captured another honor by winning the chief trophy in the annual tournament of the Wilmington Country Club, defeating A. W. Tillghast, of the Philadelphia Cricket Club, 6 up and 5 to go.

The Montclair (N. J.) expert had his hardest match in the morning against Howard Goe, Princeton champion, who was only 2 down at the turn, but after that was unable to stay. Travers, who took four holes in succession, ended the match. Anything better than Goe's 257-foot putt on the sixth and Travers' absolutely dead approaches on the eighth and ninth have not been seen this season.

Coming back, Travers had the wonderful card of 34 against 36, which equals the professionals' record. It is a new amateur mark, although not being made in a medal round it is not likely to be regarded officially as such.

Tillghast held Travers well in the afternoon, until the ninth, where the youthful wonder got to going much as he did in the morning.

Then it was only a case of piling up the holes.

NOTHING TO WEAR.

Jack the Giant Killer had just donned his invisible coat.

"Which reminds me," remarked his wife, "I haven't anything to be seen in either."

Herewith he realized that even magic was powerless to save him.—New York Sun.

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## BACHELORS' CLUB HANDICAP TENNIS

But two matches of the first round in the Bachelors' Tennis Club Closed Handicap tournament were played yesterday because of wet courts.

Ballenger beat Grosvenor in two interesting sets by 6-4 and 7-5. These men, both of whom were scratch, were closely matched, and good tennis resulted. In the other match, Gower beat Wood, 6-4 and 6-0.

The first round will be finished Monday afternoon, and the matches will be played on the following days until the tournament is finished.

The handicaps, as announced yesterday afternoon, follow:

Scratch—Coke, Hills, Grosvenor, and Ballenger.

Two-sixths of fifteen—Lincoln. Four-sixths of fifteen—Hill, Hyatt. Fifteen and one-sixth of fifteen—DePury, Barnard, and Donn.

Fifteen and two-sixths of fifteen—Gower and Hendrick. Fifteen and three-sixths of fifteen—Baker.

AMERICAN MEAT IN AFRICA.

It would appear that the recent scandals in regard to the Chicago meat packing have had considerable effect on this American preserved-meat trade with Portuguese East Africa. Out of 4,722,944 pounds imported into Lourenco Marques, in 1906, 3,885,040 pounds or 82 per cent came from the United States.

In 1904, the volume of the American share to British Africa was 5,789,000 pounds; but last year the amount dropped to 7,250,000 pounds. It is, however, anticipated by American packers that as soon as the temporary prejudice has died away the goods will be once more in full demand in Portuguese East Africa, as the United States is being procured at either the seaports or larger towns, where cold storage or other facilities are available. Nearly all the large packing-houses of Chicago have representatives in this part of Africa.—United States Consular Reports.

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## GERMANS TO HOLD AN ATHLETIC MEET

Columbia Turnverein Competes at Wilmington for Three Days.

There is a great stir within the circles of the Columbia Turn Verein, as the bi-annual gymnastic meet of the Philadelphia district of the North American Gymnastic Union, to be held in Wilmington, Del., June 23, 24, and 25 is drawing near.

The Columbia Turn Verein is to be represented at the meet by a team of eight and two substitutes, it being the first team that has been sent to any meet within the last fifteen years, and according to the veterans of the society it is the strongest team that has ever been sent to any gymnastic meet within the history of this society, it being one of the oldest German societies in Washington, having been organized in 1852.

The members of the society are all confident of the success of their team at this meet, although they realize that some of the best gymnasts will have to be competed against.

The Philadelphia district of the N. A. G. U. is composed of some fifteen German gymnastic societies, comprising the cities of Philadelphia, Baltimore, Wilmington, Riverside, Reading, Tioga, and Washington, making a representation of over 150 active gymnasts that will participate at that meet.

The members of the team sent by the Columbia Turn Verein are Robert H. Schaefer, in group three; Karl Koller, Alwin Schmidt, Paul Arndt, John Shaefer, Hermann Schmidt, Herbert Becke, and Hubert Dinowitzer, in group two, with Gustav Schmidt and Joseph Wilson as substitutes.

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